AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

BY OWEN M. WILSON.

Your letter at hand, and I hasten The news will shock you, no doubt -To sand you the stray blin of gossip That I have caught ficating about

But, first, I'm all "fixed" for the season; My costumes are marvels of art, dotten up for the laucable purpose of ensuaring some masculine heart.

You see, dear, I've turned twenty-seven— For heaven's sake, don't breathe it, Nell, In our set I am but one and twenty, And I'm spoken of still as a belie.

Father growls when I speak of new dresses, And says these expenses must stop:

I receive from the man who don't pop. But what can I do? I'm as anxious As any live woman can be.

To make a distinguished alliance of course would much better suit me. An alliance of some kind with some one-Don't laugh, I've grown desperate, dear; Brown, omith. Jones, or Green-even Tomprins

I prefer to "Miss Constance Devere," You remember the long-haired young German You thought him decidedly "mat;" Well, he's fallen heir to a fortune, And a dukedom, or something like that.

The young widow who was the sensation Of the season, lest winter, just think -She jilted the man that I wanted. And now he has taken to drink.

Young Blinks has eloped with Miss Tanner; Frank, the bank clerk, the blonde mustached Will sejourn at the Chateau de Sing Sing, For pleasure, of course for a year.

Miss Spilkins the hair-dresser's daughter. The freckled fright, you will recall, Who sported a fortune in diamonds At the Seventh's last annual ball,

It is said will be married at Christmas, She's thirty if she is a day; But she's captured the catch of the season, The handsome young artist, Paul Gray;

And here I am wearing the willow, While the homliest girls in my set Are planning their tours and their outfits; It's enough to put one in a pet.

I vow I will not waste my sweetness
Or wither unplucked: if all fails
I'll clope, in despair, with our coachman, A handsome six-looter from Wales. I rave reached, Nell, the end of my paper, And the end of my gossip : it's late;

The chill of December is round me, For the fire has burned low in the grate.

Write soon, very soon. Now good night, love:
Think often of her who, in fear
Of a future unblest by a husband,
Mourns the fact she's still Constance Devere. unday inter-Osean. Boston, December 10, 1884.

A DECIDED BARGAIN.

"Oh, mother," said Bassy Jewett, "how hard it is to be poor."

"My child," said the widow, with a quivering lip. "do you think that I have not learned that lesson long ago?"

"Well, mother, it's too bad for me to add to your troubles by complaining," confessed Bessy. "But it always seems worse when Mrs. Fanting comes to see us."

"She means well, my dear," said Mrs.

"Then I wish she'd mean ill," said Bassy. tempestuously; "just for a change, mother. What business has she to lecture you, I'd like to know, about using white sugar in your tea, and wearing lace around your neck, instead of linen. Why can't she say pleasant things instead of unpleasant ones. I declare, I could almost have boxed her ears, when she asked how much rent you paid and expressed her opinion that you had no business to live in such a house as this."

She did not know that Mr. Pardee gave us the use of the house for taking care of it until it was sold," apologized Mrs. Jewett. "And I was sorry you told her," said

"What business was it of hers, I should like to know." "My dear, my dear," soothed the gentle

"Hush!" said Bessy, litting her finger, "there she is now! Twice in one day. I de-

clare, this is too overpowering." Mrs. Jewett and Bessy were sitting together in the little back room. Although it was early twilight no lamps were yet lighted-a feeble fire of carefully husbanded coals glimmered faintly in the grate and shone upon the antique furniture, which was all that remained to Mrs. Jewett of the old abundance. Mrs. Fanting rustled with a strong smell of patchouli and an overwhelming amount of orange-colored feathers and

"I hope I don't intrude," sald she. "Yes, you do," whispered Beasy so that only her mother could hear,

"Not at all," said Mrs. Jewett, faintly. "But it just occurred to me," observed Mrs. Fanting, unbuttoning her seal jacket and fanning herself vehemently, "that I should like that old family clock of yours." Bessy glanced apprehensively at the old brass-faced clock whose carved top nearly touched the ceiling, and whose monetonous "tick, tick," measured the seconds like an unseen finger, in the disk

"Of course you would be glad of a chance to sell it," went on Mrs. Fanting. "How open a window?

mother has a cold. No, we can't open a window.

Mrs. Fanting cast a vicious glance toward Bessy. She and that young person never did ngree. There was always a tacit antagonism between them. She turned brusquely to Mrs. Jewett.

"About the clock." she resumed. "Fanting has taken a notion to have an 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' There's a landing half way up, where it would show beautifully from the ball. And he says it must be a genuine old fashioned one, too. What will you take for that one?" pointing her kid finger to the brass faced clock.

Mrs. Jewett started almost as if she had been struck. "I-I did not think of selling it," said she.

"It belonged to Grandpa Jewett, and-" "That's all nonsense," said Mrs. Fanting. "You can't expect to keep all these old traps. Why, the very storage of them would cost you too much. And, besides. Fanting wants the clock. He'll give you \$20 for it." "I could not sell it for that," said Mrs.

Jewett. "Dr. Sibley would have given me \$50 for it before we left Oldvale." "Then you were a fool for not selling it to

him," said Mrs. Fanting, with a coarseness that brought the angry crimson to Bessy's cheek. "You can't expect to get any such price for it here, where people know the value of things: but since you are a relation I don't think Fanting would mind giving

"I connot sacrifice it for any such sum as that." said Mrs. Jewett, decidedly. "In that case you may keep it," said Mrs. Fanting, rising to her feet and waving her fan back and forth more energetically than ever, "There are plenty of clocks to be had hope you may never live to repent your ob- | caught him."

She rushed out of the room without fur-

Bessy looking at each other.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Jewett.

"Mother, why should you be sorry?" cried
Bessy. "For my part, I am rather glad that
Mrs. Fanting has received a check. But isn't it strange, mother? Byington's is the very place where Doctor dibley advised us to send the old clock to be sold. We'll apeak to the expressman to morrow. For we must have money, dear mother-and I would starve sooner than ask help from Mrs.

Mr. Fred Byington himself, the son of the spectacled old connoisseur in antiques, came up to look at the clock and pronounced it a genuine curiosity in its way. "You ought to get a hundred dollars for

it," said he; "but I don't know whether you will. Times are dull just now, but I'll do the best I can for you, Miss Jewett." "It seems almost like selling one of the family," said Beasy, with tears in her eyes. "I can remember this clock ever since I was

Fred Evington's handsome face became intensely sympathetic. "It does seem cruel, doesn't it?" said he. "And I am "o sorry that it should be necessary to part with it. But I'll send over our wagon for it this afterncon, and you may depend on your pet re-caiving the most careful treatment, Miss

Jewett.' "How kind he was," said Bessy, gratefully, after Mr. Byington was gone. "I didn't know that it was usual for dealers to send their own wagons after these things.' While old Mr. Brington shook his head at

"Fred! Fred!" said he, "take care you don't get too much interested in your customers!"

But Fred only smiled. The old clock had scarcely occupied the post of honor in Byington & Co.'s immense warerooms for three days, when Mr. Fred Byington sent a note up to Bessy:

"MY DEAR MISS JEWETT-I have an offer of a hundred dollars for the old clock. What shall I do?"

And Bessy wrote back:

"My DEAR MR. BYINGTON-Sell It."

"BESSY JEWETT." And then Bessy cried a little over her stocking mending. She could not he.p it Fred Byington came up that evening with a check for a bundred dollars, having the firm signature of "Byington & Co." "I have sold the clock," said he.

"I am very glad," said Bessy, who had decided it was best to put away all vain reso much pains about it Who did you sell

"To Mrs. Ebenezer Fanting," said Fred "I believe if I had asked a hundred and fitty for it, she would scarcely have hesitated. She declared it was the finest specimen of the antique she had ever beheld. I sent it home this afternoon. She is to have a grand party to-night, and was kind enough to honor me with an invitation." "Are you going?" Bessy involuntarily

"Not if you will allow me to spend an hour with you," said Fred, a little timidly. Mrs. Fanting came the next day.

"Well," said she, "I've bought a beauty of an old clock, far handsomer than that of yours, Cousin Jewett. And--"Wait, wait!" said Bessy, with sparkling eyes. "Don't be too precipitate, Mrs. Fanting. You have bought our very old clock. We sent it to Byington's to be sold."

"What?" cried Mrs. Fanting. And then Bessy explained not without a thrill of mischievous exultation. And Mrs. Fanting went home in a rage. But she was still more indignant when she learned that Mr. Frederick Byington was becoming a regular visitant at the Jewett

"And he never accepted any of my invitations." said she, wrathfully, "because, for-sooth, he couldn't leave his business." Nevertheless, Magdalena and Georgietta Fanting, her two hard-favored daughters:

went to the wedding, all smiles. "The Byingtons are rich," said they, "and move in excellent society. It is a great deal more sensible for us to be good friends with Fred and Bessie than to quarrel with them. And after all, it was your own fault, mama. It you had but paid Cousin Jewett a decent price for his old clock it never would have been sent to Barrington's, and, ten to one, Fred never would have seen that girl."

Mrs. Fanting burst into tears. "I am the most miserable mother in the world," said she. "As if it wasn't bad enough to be disappointed in the dearest hopes of one's own ungrateful daughters." For the old clock had proved rather an expensive bargain, after all.—Shirley Browne.

ST. JOHN AND THE REPUBLICANS.

The Prohibitionist After Editor McCullagh, of the Globe-Democrat. [St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

The following card from John P. St. John is published in reply to Mr. McCullagh's statements contained in the interview published vesterday:

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

Sir-In an interview had by your reporter with Mr. J. B. McCullagh, of the Globe-Democrat, and published in yesterday evening's Post-Dispatch, Mr. McCullagh is reported as saying: "I know enough of the facts to know positively that he (myself) was bought by the Democrats." I challenged Mr. McCullagh in a letter addressed to him the 11th inst. to produce the "facts," but he very warm you keep the 100m! Can't you | not only refused to publish my letter, but has utterly failed to give a single word of would be more satisfactory to a fair minded and intelligent public than Mr. McCullagh's to say the least of it, touching this matter, have not been very consistent. Therefore, in order to aid the gentleman, I hereby request all persons having any such letters or any evidence that any such letters were ever written to at once send them to Mr. McCullagh for publication. Again, Mr. McCullagh is reported as saying:

"You see the Republican Committee was negotiating with him before the Ohio election, but the arrangement was not pushed. and the committee drew off after that election. Meanwhile the Democratic Commit-

tee closed their bargain. "You think there is absolutely no doubt about this statement?"

to day is Tuesday. There are letters extant | effects from it, but as soon as he returns which prove it beyond a doubt. Mr. Clark- | nome he approaches the fire to warm himson, of the Des Moines, Iowa, Register, who | self. and very often takes some warm and was a member of the committee, and who had charge of the department which conducted the negetiations, has the proof of the fact. This is in each shape that he is bound to some extent and can not use it, but the fact is certain: I am sure of it, St. John wanted \$35,000 and \$50 a lecture.

"That was the Republican side?" "Yes, that was the proposition made to the Republicans, and while they were considering it, or rather, I think after the Ohio | first go into a room that has a tire in it, or, at Brington's for reasonable prices. And I election when they drew off, the Democrats | if you can not avoid that, you should keep

> Here Mr. McCullagh begins the founds- as possible, and, above all, reirain from | National Bank, representing the balance of I tions for his proof. He first asserted that I taking warm or strong liquors when you

ther coremony, leaving Mrs. Jewett and the Republican party was ready to engage in the business of bribery, and had a department for that purpose, and had placed Mr. Clarkson in charge of the negotiations through that particular department, and I feel sure that the gentleman's sense of honor will not be touched when I remind him that the newspaper over which he exercised, during the campaign, editorial control was one of the heartiest supporters of the "grand old party" that he says had established a department of bribery. Mr. McCullagh says: There are letters extant which prove it (his assertions) beyond a doubt." Now, in conclusion, I hereby request that every letter written by me to the Republican committee, or any member thereof, whether in charge of the bribery or theological department, be published, so that the people may know who, to say the least of it, has been guilty of a very great economy of the trath touching these matters.

Again I denounce the whole story, so far as it refers to me, as a malicious, partisan falsebood. John P. St. John.

CLAY'S BAD LUCK,

Also His Bad Poker Playing, Likewise His Presence of Mind.

[Baltimore Herald.] "Yes, sir; that's the very same table on which Mr. Clay used to lose the greater part of his Congressional salary. As I said, Clay and Bright sat down to play at 8 o'clock. 'Now, Dick.' said Mr. Clay, as the game began, 'understand I can not play later than 12 o'clock. I promised to attend church at Alexandria to-morrow morning, and I don't want to go there looking as if I had been up all night.'

"The blind was half a dollar, \$1 to come in, and no limit to bets. In those days there was no limit, as there generally is now. All a man could demand was a sight for his money. The cards were cut, and Clay got the first deal. He was a noted card shuffler. He could hold his bands four feet apart and fly the cards from one to the other without a single card falling. His favorite style was to mix the cards from the end and not from the sides, holding a half deck in each hand, flirting the ends with his thumbs, and mixing them into a perfect pack with one move-ment. He usually dealt with one hand, with scarcely a perceptible movement of the arm, his long, muscular fingers enabling him to throw each card to its proper place. But Clay was not a good poker player. Like most intellectual men, he played for the excitement, not for gain, and, as a rule, he was so careless about his bets that he came out leser. He had a passion for big bets, and he rarely failed to straddle the blind or raise the bet after the game got fairly started. So, if the luck came his way he would win heavily as long as it lasted. But he was a great bluffer, and bet high whether he had a card or not. The men he played with found this out, of course, and he never came out of a prolonged game with-

"For nearly two hours that night Clay had everything his own way with Bright If he didn't hold a king-full four times hand-running, followed by a jack-full, then I hope I may be shot for lying. Bright tried his best to catch Clay in a biuff, but it was no use. Clay came to the front every time with a hand that nothing but fours could phase. A 10:30 Bright had lost \$1,500, and had borrowed \$500 from John Hencock. After that Clay's luck deserted him and he failed to recognize it. He continued to bet as high on a pair of dences as he had been betting on an ace-full. By midnight he had lost all his winnings and \$1,000 besides-all the cash he had with

"'I guese we'd better quit,' said Bright, 'as you want to go to church to morrow. "'Oh, blow the church!' replied Clay. 'Do

you suppose I want to hear a man preach right on top of losing \$1,000 at poker? Not much. You just lend me \$500, and let the game go on.

'So the game proceeded, and at daylight Clay was in debt to Bright to the amount of \$1,500, and that is the way it stood when the game ended. I heard afterward from Hancock that Clay liquidated that debt by giving Bright a deed of 320 acres of Kentucky land, and transferring to him six shares of stock in a Louisville bank.

"Clay went to his room that Sanday morning, shortly after daylight, to go to bed, but he took a sudden resolution to go to Alexandria anyhow, and keep his church engagement. He went in the carriage of a friend. Quite a crowd followed him when he went out to get in his carriage. There a number of people were presented to Mr. Clay, among them the rector of the church. The story was that while he was talking to the reverend gentleman Clay put his hand in his pocket to pull out his handkerchief, and in doing this a pack of cards was suddenly spilled on the ground. Clay was not the least abashed, but deliberately gathered up the cards, repleced them in his pocket, and remarked to the minister and others who were standing there that a friend had put the cards in his pocket as a practical joke."

How to Avoid Colds.

An eminent London physician, Dr. Graham, is reported as having said some good things on the subject of colds, and which are in the main accordant with rational and hygienic views. For instance:

It is not a correct practice after a cold is caught, to make the room a person sits in much warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed-clothes, wrap up in flannel and drink a large quantity of tea, gruel or other slops, because it will invariably increase the feverishness, and in the majority of instances prolong, rather "You lorget," interposed Bessy, "that you | evidence touching the matter, for the simple | than lessen, the duration of the cold, are sitting with all your wraps on, and that reason no such evidence ever existed, and I It is well known that confining believe that he knows it, too. Mr. McCul- | incculated persons in warm rooms will make | tence could be rendered. Only two persons lagh is also reported to have said, "Of their smallpox more violent by augmenting | were saved. The vessel and cargo is a total course it is not known how much he was | the general heat and fever; and it is for the | loss. paid, but I know he did not get all same resson that a similar practice in the he was promised because he has been present complaint is attended with analogus writing letters about it since." Now it seems | results, a cold being in reality a slight fever.
to me that the production of these letters | In some parts of England, among the lower order of the people, a large glass of cold apring water, taken on going to bed is found mere assertions, which, up to present date, to be a successful remedy, and, in fact, many medical practitioners recommed a reduced atmosphere, and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric.'

Mr. Graham further says: "It is generally supposed that it is the exposure to a cold or wet atmosphere which produces the effect called cold, whereas it is returning to a warm temperature after exposure which is the real cause of the evil. When a person in the cold weather goes into the open air, every time he draws his breath the cold air passes through his nostrils and windpipe into his lungs, and consequently diminishes the heat in these parts. As long as a person "None at all. It is as true as to assert that | continues in the cold air he feels no bad comfertable drink to keep out the cold, it is said. The inevitable consequence is that he will find he has taken cold. He feels a shivering which makes him draw nearer the fire, but all to no purpose: the more he tries to heat himself the more he chills. All the mischief is here caused by the violent action

of the heat. "To avoid this, when you come out of a very cold atmosphere, you should not at for a considerable time at as great a distance

are cold. This rule is founded on the same principle as the treatment of any part of chare price was \$346,000. The World has the body when frost-bitten. If it were paid a cash dividend of \$154,000 for 1884 brought to the fire it would soon mortify, whereas, if rubbed with snow, no bad consequences follow from it. Hence, if the following rules were strictly observed-when the body or any other part of it is chilled bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees—the frequent colds we experience in winter would, in a great measure, be prevented."

Bloody Sweat.

[Popular Science Monthly.] This rare affection, which has always excited in a high degree the interest and attention of medical observers, consists essentially of a hemorrhage from the unbroken suface of the skin. But, inasmuch as it takes place from the net-work of small yessels which surround the sweat-glands, and makes its appearance through the opening of the sweat-ducts, it is not inappropriately, after all, named "bloody sweat" The discharge is generally intermittent, or at least remittant, and paroxysmal in its nature, the intervals varying from a few hours to months. Sometimes it is pure blood which coagulates in crusts

or gouts upon the surface, sometimes it is so intermixed with serum or the perspiratory fluid as to be merely a more or less deeply colored bloody tiquid. Its extent varies extremely; it may make its appearance over the whole or nearly the whole of the surface of the body, but more commonly it is confined to some selected regions, generally those in which the skin is thin and delicate. It most frequently appears as a more or less copious and continued oozing from the surface, which, when wiped away, rapidly or slowly reappears from numerous minute or indistinguishable points, but it has been seen to spring up in a distinct jet from the surface. It is often associated with eruptions upon the skin, but quite as often there is nothing of the kind. Every age and both sexes have furnished examples of it, though it is most common in females, and especially in nervous and hysterical women. Bloody sweat may be produced by overwhelming mental emotions, and marks the some of such perturbing passions as terror, anguish, despair,

The Ever-Living.

Though, since that morning centuries ago,
That dawned upon the advent of the King.
Have countless millions lived and loved to sing. His praises; yet, all human joy and woe _ Is ever blest; for Christ is born again

-Hannah Hearne.

Seymour Items.

Special to the Sentinel. SEYMOUR, Ind., Jan. 1 .- Through the instrumentality of T. J. Charlton, Superintendent of the Reform School at Plainfield. Professor Virgil McKnight, Principal of the High School at Crothersville, this county. has just been chosen a teacher in that institution. Mr. McKnight is a graduate of Hanover College, is a profound scholar, and one of the most successful teachers in our county. Professor Charlton is also a graduate of

the same college. Mrs. Gustave Schulte, residing two miles south of this city, who was stricken with paralysis three weeks ago, died last evening, aged fifty-six years. A large number of young people danced

the old year out and the new year in at the Opera House last night. Rev. Henry Koumdick, of Wheeling, W. Va., arrived here yesterday, having accepted the temporary pastorate of St Paul's German Lutheran Church vice Rev. Mr. Horst.

resigned on account of failing health. The new candy factory, just completed, is now in full operation and is destined to do an extensive business. Mrs. Daniel B. Henderson, an old pioneer

of Carr Township, and aged sevenry three years, was yesterday stricken with paralysis and is in a very dangerous condition. Daniel Brown and Harry Rodenberg were given a preliminary hearing before Justice Thomas G. Wilson, at Crothersville, last night for shooting George McCasland, with intent to kill, and they were recognized to the Circuit Court, the former in \$2,000 and the latter in \$1,000 bond. They have not yet procured bail, and if they fail to do so they will go to jail. McCasland's recovery is thought to be impossible.

A Pleasant Social Event.

Special to the Sentinel. Brownstown, Ind., Jan. 1. - The most noted social event of the season was the marriage of Mr. Frank Ireland and Miss Lillie Wacker, at the residence of the bride's parents last night at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. L. L. Lorimer, of the Presbyterian Church, officiating. The bride is the handsome and accomplished daughter of Mr. N. W. Wacker, ex-County Treasuer and now a popular merchant of this place. The groom is Mr. Wacker's pariner in business and is one of Brownstown's model young men. A large number of invited guests were present, who made the happy couple many valuable and handsome presents. A splendid repast was served by the bride's parents. The bride and groom at once repaired to their handsome and elegantly provided new home where they will reside in future.

A Bark Wrecked and All On Board

Drowned but Two. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30.-A dispatch from Bird's Nest, Va., says the bark Lana, Norwegian, from South America for Philadelphia with a cargo of sugar, stranded December 27, on Hog Island Bar during thick weather. The vessel broke up before assis-

ANOTHER. Lubington, Mich., Dec. 31,-The Flint and Pere Marquette passenger steamer No. 1 is going to peices on a bar off this port, having run around in the gale at 7 o'clock this

another fatally injured. A Dense Fog on the Chesapeake Bay. BALTIMORE, Dec. 31 .- The Chesapeake Bay is again enveloped in a fog to-day, and so completely that there were but two arrivals, and of the smaller class of vessels. The fog lifted about 1 o'clock, when quite a number of steamers started down the river, but in an hour the atmosphere became so dense that a vessel could not be discerned at a distance

morning. A man was killed outright and

Executive Mansion Reception.

of 300 feet. Nothing whatever has been

heard at the Maritime Exchange from Cape

Henry or the eastern side of the lower bay

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.- The advent of the new year is being quite generally observed in spite of a drizzling rain and a cold wind. The Executive Mansion is a scene of great interest, and many people are standing about and between the two main entrances to the grounds, watching the arrival and departure of Government and foreign officials and other distinguished personages. Promptly at 11 o'clock the reception began and proceeded according to the usual programme.

A Large Check.

New York, Dec. 31 .- Among the larger checks that passed through the Clearing House to-day was one for \$252,039, drawn by Joseph Pulither on the American Exchange the principal and injeres! On the prigman

purchase of the World The original pur-

A Canadian Miser

HAMILTON, Ont. Dec. 31 .- Mary Shes, an old beggar woman, has been sent to the hospital. She has wandered about the streets for vears begging provisions, money, etc., and was thought to be very poor. A search revealed the fact that she had some \$2,000 on deposit, also a deed of the house she lived in. All carefully stowed away.

Violently Insans.

Special to the Sentinel. VERNON, Ind., Jan. 1.—Thomas Hamilton, who is in fail for want of bail on a charge of horse stealing, is violently insane. It took three men all day yesterday to keep him from doing himself bodily harm. He had to be tied down to the bed and handouffed. His trial is set for to morrow. It will probably be a trial for lunacy.

A Street Duel. ROCKWOOD, Tenn., Jan. 1 .- W. F. Derosset and Nathan Pass engaged in a street duel vesterday. They had a difficulty the day previous, and each swore vengeance. When they met on the street they began firing at each other with shot guns. Derosset received a load in the face and another in the arm. Pass was shot in the forehead and neck.

Killed by a Tramp.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 1 - A brakeman named Mason was fatally injured near Hartford Tuesday night by being struck on the head with a stone thrown by a tramp He was found lying insensible on top of a car when the train reached New Britain. The tramp threw the stone because Mason put him off the train.

Strictly Ethical and Professional. Wheeling, Jan. 1 .- John McSweenev, a noted Ohio lawyer, went to St. Clairsville to defend Mitchell, the murderer of Charles Griffith. He was objected to as counsel by the leading attorney for the defense. He then accepted a retainer to prosecute Mitchell.

Nobody Satisfied.

HAVANA, Jan. 1 - Cattle growers show much dissatisfaction regarding the treaty stipulations referring to American cattle, beef and meats of all classes. Jamaica advices say the insurgents are pre-

Freight Rate Discriminations. MILWAUKEE, Dec. 31 .- The Chamber o Commerce Directors this afternoon resolved to wage war on the railroads of the State in the next Legislature, and if possible secure the passage of a bill prohibiting discriminations in freight rates.

Beware

Of violent purgatives. They must inevitably impair the well-being of the system, if much used. Irregularity of the bowels is remediable without their aid, and they enfeeble those organs. Hosstetter's Stomach Bitters are not only a laxative, but a tonic. No subsequent medication is needed, as in the case of powerful cathartics, to repair the violence of their effects. Blue pill and calomel are never safe in the long run; and there are other medicines taken to regulate the liver and bowels which are hurtful to both. Long experience has proved the Bitters to be safe and salutary as well as potent. They brace up the system when enfeebled, thus guarding it from disease, (particularly malarial complaints), remedy the weakness and inactivity of a dyspeptic stomach, improve appetite, and tend to tranquilize overtaxed nerves. They have also won repute as a remedy for rheumatism and kidney troubles.

Loss of Live Stock by Cold.

Sr. Louis, Jan. 1 .- Advices from the exfreme southwestern part of Texas state that the recent cold weather has been quite destructive to live stock in that section, large numbers of poor cattle and sheep having

True reputation is only won by real character and worth, that is, a reputation that is worth having and preserving. Charles C. Cooper, of Orange, Essex County, N. J., writes: "Mishler's Herb Bitters fully sustained its high reputation in my case. I bave found it very beneficial in influenza, and I believe my case would have terminated fatally without it." In affections of the throat this bitters is not less effective than in treating diseases of the stomach, bowels. liver and kidneys.

Obituary.

LEWISTON, Me . Jan. 1 -Colonel John M. Frye, father of United States Senator Frye,



FOR PAIN. Rheamatism, Neuralota, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backsche, Heads he, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Braises, Burns, Scalds, Prost Bites, and all other some paint and action by Designes and Designes and Designes or Parks and Print Contra bottle.

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The orders, the nest the most brogressive aus he most reliable ertablishment o the kind in the world, having 108 branch omees fully quipped and in good tunning order, or three to we offices. For over 42 years we have enjoyed an ansallied reputation for honesty, reliability and fair dealing, and we have unlimited resources for sonducting our business angeossfully. We invite

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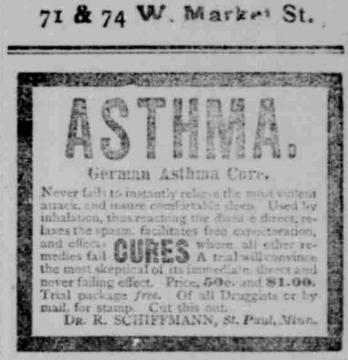
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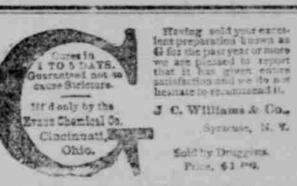
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